# TRUE PROTESTANTISM:

# AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE SUNDAY INSTITUTE,

IN THE LECTURE ROOM OF THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM,

ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 1, 1850,

INTENDED AS A

REVIEW OF TWO LECTURES,

ONE BY ARCHBISHOP JOHN HUGHES,

AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK,

AND THE OTHER BY THE REV. DR. BERG, AT THE MUSICAL FUND HALL, PHILADELPHIA:

SUBJECT,

*'The Decline of Protestantism.'*

BY T. ILLMAN.

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The author, in submitting his views to the public, has done so in compliance with the request of a number of friends who were present at the Sunday Institute, Lecture Room, Chinese Museum, on the occasion of his addressing the audience there assembled the few observations suggested to his mind by reading and hearing the Lectures of Archbishop Hughes and Rev. Dr. Berg, to which they refer. In the claims he has made for the largest possible freedom of thought and expression in matters of mere opinion, even religious opinion, he thinks he has not exceeded the latitude permitted, or is becoming the denizen of this great city, founded by the ever memorable, and one of the worthiest and noblest advocates of civil and religious liberty, William Penn.

The comparison of the rival claims to infallibility on the part of both the Catholic and Protestant Churches, and the grounds on which their pretensions are based, are derived from the perusal of a work by the Rev. Theodore Parker, some three or four years ago; but as this work is not accessible at this time, the author of this little pamphlet, although he has endeavoured to the best of his ability and recollection, to use the phraseology of the work in question, which made a strong impression on his mind at the time, (as it could not fail to do on that of every honest inquirer after truth;)—yet, whilst he has borrowed some of the ideas, and even made use of the expressions, as far as his recollection served, still he could not venture to put them forth as quotations from Mr. Parker without manifest injustice to that gentleman; and, at the same time, if he should have expressed any thing clearly, satisfactorily, or definitely upon this point, he takes much pleasure in acknowledging the source from whence it has been obtained.

# TRUE PROTESTANTISM.

About a fortnight since, the Catholic Archbishop, John Hughes, left our shores for Europe: before his departure, however, he contrived to leave us something to remember him. It will readily be conjectured that we allude to his lecture at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on the "*Decline of Protestantism!*"—which, however it may have pleased and edified the faithful of the Catholic communion, has caused the most lively feelings of indignation and dissatisfaction among the Protestant portion of society. We have read this lecture of his with some little attention, and we have, also, read some remarks which his Protestant hearers and readers have made upon it; moreover, we have listened to an eloquent address on this same interesting subject delivered by the Rev. Dr. Berg, of this city, at the Musical Fund Hall, which was attended by an overwhelming audience, nearly all the clergy of the city being present, and probably very many from remote places. As a matter, of course, the Bishop was all on one side, and the learned and eloquent Doctor as much on the other. It may therefore be interesting to endeavour at least to look at the matter with some degree of impartiality, to try and hold the scales even, and ascertain, if possible, in whose favour the cause of Truth and Justice ought to preponderate. We sincerely wish we had the time and ability to submit the whole matter to this audience in the manner we would desire to do, but whatever may be our deficiencies, we have at least one qualification for the task,—impartiality,—no predilections in the matter: indeed, we almost feel that amiable indifference which a certain lady was said to have expressed when she witnessed the conflict between her husband and the bear, the merits of each were so nicely balanced, that she could scarcely determine which she hoped might obtain the victory. With something of the same feeling we have read and listened to both sides of this question; it is, however, possible that, in a severe self-examination, we might detect some slight leaning, if we have any leaning at all, in favour of what the Doctor and the Archbishop term Protestantism, although not enough to disturb our impartiality, for we can see no merit whatever in Catholicism, and, like the woman in the story we have told you, her natural feelings and sympathies might be awakened in favour of her husband when she perceived him in danger, however worthless he might otherwise be. In like manner Protestantism might command our respect and support; and we should be sorry indeed that Catholicism should gain the ascendancy at its expense.

In order to understand the merits of this controversy, it will be proper to make some effort to define, as well as we can, "What is Catholicism," and "What is Protestantism." Both the Catholic Bishop and the Protestant clergyman have attempted the definition, and each according to their

own views and predilections. It is an ungracious task to sit in judgment upon these two systems of religion, and when we call up to our remembrance the long catalogue of evil which history presents to our view, and the measureless atrocities inflicted by both Churches upon those who have become obnoxious to their influence, it is difficult to assume the necessary calmness and discrimination befitting the occasion;—but aiming as much as possible to waive all these considerations, we will endeavour to arrive at the principle or cause of action in each, and this will assist us much in determining their respective merits.

The grand principle of the Catholic Church is neither more nor less than authority. It claims the most absolute control over the empire of mind, and requires every son and daughter of Adam, every ruler, government, or individual upon the face of the whole earth to submit to its dictation upon all matters whatever, inasmuch as this Church, with her bishops, priests, and clergy, have received some divine patent right which enables her to perceive and determine with the utmost accuracy and precision the exact truth in all matters that affect mankind. The grand principle of the Catholic Church is the divine inspiration of God, acting, as they say, upon the official members of the Church, that is, on its councils, priests in their orders, and in measure according to their respective rank and dignity upwards to the Pope, its infallible head. It explicitly denies mankind to trust reason, or to get at truth at first-hand. For this the layman must depend upon the clergy, and the clergyman must depend upon the whole Church represented by the Fathers and Councils, and idealized in its head. Thus the Church is the sole judge of doctrine and practice, with power to bind or loose, to remit sins or retain them, and claims authority, demands absolute submission from the world under pain of punishment with fagots in this world and hell in the next, those men who will not believe as the Church has commanded them! Monstrous as this claim is on the part of the Catholic Church, it is very far from being overstated, rather the reverse; and if you doubt it, pray read Bishop Hughes's Lecture on "The Church and the World," delivered in this building—and his present lecture is not deficient in language of the same arrogant and assuming character. When we think of such daring insults offered to this mighty nation, with all its power, ability, learning, and intelligence, we can scarcely imagine we are well awake—we can scarcely realize that we should be so insulted as to be gravely told that if we want to know any thing, or learn any thing, it must be from a man who is himself bound down both in mind and body to the car of a foreign despot, who is hostile to every thing republican, and is exerting himself to take from mankind their rights, even at the sacrifice of oceans of the purest blood—from a man who, from some strange, unimaginable source, has obtained such a stock of wisdom and intelligence that he would fain take us all under his charge, and like Dominie Sampson in reference to Harry Bertram, although we have attained the full stature and intelligence of manhood, reduce us down to our alphabet and primer. It is scarcely worth our while to put ourselves to the expense of ever so small a charge of indignation. We have no fears, no fears whatever of this becoming a Catholic country; we have, comparatively speaking, no native Catholics—it is impossible: we can never, never become so degraded, so low, so imbecile as to surrender our judgment and consciences to the charge of a Catholic priest. No, we look on all the mummeries of your Church, Bishop Hughes, precisely as we regard the exhibition of Punch and Judy—it may, and does amuse us some-

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times, "when we are in the vein," but can never affect our judgment or o[illegible] hearts—we have outgrown such childish absurdities. Well did Dr. Be[illegible] repudiate the notion with which the Bishop has doubtless possessed Pi[illegible] Nono, his holiness at Rome, that this country, this free and enlightenea country, is, by means of his exertions, and those of his brother Jesuits, to become proselyted to the superstitions of Catholicism. (It is admitted that such are their wishes, and to such an object are their exertions unremittingly directed.) The Pope wants us: for Catholicism is waning in Europe. It is necessary we should be converted! "Converted to what?" indignantly exclaimed Dr. Berg, "to the abominable fooleries of a system" which is, he truly said, "as insulting to God as it is degrading to man." And the Doctor, with much humour, told us of a supposed attempt on the part of the Archbishop to convince one of our shrewd Quakers that the best method of praying was by means of a string of beads—the honest, intelligent Quaker did rather drily and contemptuously reject the proffered counsel with "Nay, nay, friend John, I perceive that in all things thou art too superstitious."

We have no fears on this head, Archbishop Hughes. You may try and try again; strut about the streets of Baltimore with a gilt crosier, and make our boys laugh, or go to Rome and get a Cardinal's red hat given you by the Pope, and stick that upon your head, you will obtain no reverence from us thereby; for let us do our very best, we can regard the crosier but as a fool's bauble, and the hat but as a fool's cap. The heart of the nation is sound to its inmost core; there are no holes for Popes, Bishops, Cardinals, and priests to creep in: all the reverence, respect, and support which Catholicism has or can obtain here, is from poor, misguided and illiterate foreigners who throng our shores; whose children even throw aside the ignorance and superstition of their parents, and learn to be wiser and better citizens. Every dollar in money, and every particle of respect which the Bishop has obtained, has been rendered by these illiterate, undiscerning foreigners, whose industry and credulity he has turned to his own advantage. As for Americans, if ever he has extracted a few fifty cent pieces from their pockets, it was with no feelings of respect or veneration, but simply for the purposes of amusement, and with precisely the same views and feelings as we go to see the clown at the circus, or some comedy or farce at the theatre, mere curiosity and amusement. Further to define the Church of Rome is unnecessary at present, and this audience must be aware that we could not in a month half tell our story, as its history embraces all that is wild and wicked, all the monstrosities of the darkest pagan superstitions, with the dreams of fanatics, or the conjectures of addle-pated philosophers, with pretended revelations, jugglery, and lying wonders, all by the pains and industry of priests wrought into religious dogmas, and imposed upon men under the severest penalties, both temporal and spiritual; and as at one time there were no printed books, and nobody but the priests could read at all, and even few of them, we can easily account for priestly ascendancy—for that darkness which covered and still covers the earth, and the gross ignorance of the people.

And now we will leave Catholicism for the present, and inquire "What is Protestantism?" Its very name almost answers the question. The doctrines and practices of holy mother Church were so insulting to men's reason and understanding, they were so revolting and indigestible that men protested and rebelled against them. It is perfectly true, as the Doctor has

told us, that this mutiny began long before the time of Luther, in 1517. Every now and then some intelligent man would express some doubts of the rubbish which Catholicism taught the people, and even whole bodies of men would revolt from Papal tyranny. "Four times," says Macaulay, "since the Church of Rome was established in Western Christendom has the human intellect risen up against her yoke." We also know it was not moral influence on which the Church relied; it had got the sword into its possession, and it was unsparingly employed in support of the Church. The Inquisition every now and then was armed with new powers, and inspired with new energy, and if any thing approaching to distrust of the Church's teaching was discovered, it was met by persecution of that nature which crushes and bows down all but a very few choice spirits of a more select and higher order. Whoever was suspected of heresy, whatever his rank, his learning, had to purify himself to the satisfaction of a vigilant, a severe tribunal, or to die by fire; and Protestantism endured this nobly, stood in the very front of the battle, and fought for the rights, the highest, best of all rights, and the most valuable of all liberties, the freedom of the mind—and the right of every man to determine and judge for himself in matters of faith and conscience. We honour the men, nay, more, we can almost worship the men who fought and won the battle against Catholic usurpation and priestly tyranny. We honour them still; they were worthy of all imaginable honour, for they were the real benefactors of mankind. We would even honour now those who place themselves in the breach and boldly resist the encroachments of Catholicism in our times, as we regard Catholicism as the curse of the world, an unmitigated evil, which blights and withers every nation subject to its influence! We would honour our friends, Rev. Dr. Berg and Rev. John Chambers, and the host of clergymen that assembled at the Musical Fund Hall on this occasion, and all who resist and oppose the contaminating and injurious influence of Catholicism in this country—but we have some painful recollections which come across our minds, and which very much tend to lessen the respect with which we should otherwise regard their exertions. We should be very sorry to do them injustice, but we can scarcely help fancying that we discover more of the rivalry of men of business than any actual feeling or anxiety to promote the best interests of humanity in the exertions made by our clerical friends in their opposition to the Church of Rome. We hope they have higher, holier motives; but we cannot look back without some very painful reminiscences and suspicion at the course our friends have prescribed to themselves in regard to the question of "Capital Punishment," their invariable opposition to any effort which was deemed likely to mitigate human suffering, or tend to make the burdens of life more endurable—their constant support and countenance of slavery, which it is admitted by one of themselves, could not exist one moment but for their connivance and sanction; they could extinguish it with a breath, and with it the plague-spot, the moral leprosy of our country, had they the moral honesty, integrity, and courage we should like them to possess. The Rev. John Chambers, (to whom our Rev. Doctor paid some compliments which we did not distinctly hear or comprehend,) much as we may approve of his exertions in the cause of temperance, yet we can scarcely forget or forgive his opposition to the free exercise of our reason and conscience in regard to Sunday observances. We cannot reconcile these proceedings with the truly noble declaration of the Rev. Dr. Berg, at the Musical Fund Hall, "That as Protestants, we are bound by the very principles of our profession to accord to

all, and to defend the right of all to liberty of conscience, and to the free and open discussion of the principles of their religion and our own, and as Protestants we claim the same privileges for ourselves. We demand no more, and we will never accept less; and we say with all candour, that if any system of religion cannot endure the ordeal of searching investigation or scrutiny, it is because God never intended it should flourish on soil consecrated to liberty." This is, indeed, a noble and glorious declaration on the part of the Rev. Dr. Berg; it is so good, so just, so true, so consistent with the true principles of liberty and justice, that when we heard him give utterance to these sentiments, it was impossible to help conceiving the utmost respect and veneration for him as a man, advocating the best and dearest rights of man. These noble sentiments ought to be inscribed in letters of gold in all our churches, and in every place of public resort where we meet to discuss religious or even political principles. We hope the Rev. Doctor uttered this from the inmost recesses of his heart and with no mental reservation, and that he is not, like many of his brethren, who merely profess, or outwardly worship the celestial and radiant deity, Liberty, who draw nigh and honour her with their lips, whilst their hearts are sadly estranged. Sunday restrictions, stoppages of the mails, steamboats, and omnibusses, &c. &c., are little inconsistencies which rather detract from the pleasure with which we should otherwise regard our clerical friend's exertions in opposition to the Scarlet Lady and Antichrist. When Protestantism first arrayed itself against Papal tyranny, and its broad banner floated in the breeze, there was inscribed upon it "The Right of Private Judgment,"—the true and broad principle, the very sum and substance, the marrow of the Rev. Doctor's noble declaration; and it was this which made all that portion of the civilized world who possessed the requisite moral courage, all the good, the noble, and the true, flock to her standard—but alas for human frailty! the promise exhibited on that standard has not been redeemed. Ye did run well, daring leaders; ye did run well for a time, at least;—what did hinder you, that ye did not obey the truth? Why disappoint the hopes of the world? The mystery is easily explained.

The Protestant clergy, at the Reformation, denied the authority, the infallibility, the inspiration claimed by the Catholic Church, and disputed its powers; but it was soon discovered that this principle, if admitted, would strike at the root of all priestly authority and influence. This was too much—a great deal more than they wished or intended; it would leave man to his own reason and judgment, and destroy the trade; the craft was in imminent danger; man, once set at liberty, and allowed to think for himself, there is no telling what heretical opinions he might adopt—perhaps have gone right over to infidelity—Othello's occupation would be gone. The leaders of the various sects, who worked together in their opposition to Papal usurpation, were willing, each and all of them, to become masters and oppressors in their turn, but were too jealous of each other to permit any one to be the sovereign or ruling power. Yet the case was becoming urgent, and mankind would revolt altogether from the iron sway, the clergy would no longer be able to sit as a queen among the nations; priestcraft shook like a reed in the blast, or was dissolving as a rope of sand. In this fearful emergency the Bible was thought of, and invested with absolute control: mind, reason, and conscience were once more bound in fetters, and compelled to bow to the priestly exposition of the revealed word of God. The Bible is very elastic—it suited all the sects, as each could explain the ambiguous

terms which it contains in any manner they please; and, what was better, it required the priest's art to accommodate the book to the purposes intended. There was, indeed, much and fierce contention as to what books should or should not compose the sacred canon, or be considered *divine!* Eventually king James, by his authority, decided the question. The Protestant world—some portion of them at least, murmured a little, but at length submitted, and mankind was again brought under the yoke, when they had well-nigh escaped as a bird from the fowler. We would most respectfully inquire of our friends and this audience, whether you have seriously thought of inquiring as to the truth of the statements of our spiritual instructors in regard to the Bible? Is it really divine? Are all the books therein contained really divine? How do you know? Do you trust to their assertion? If you have so trusted you have not done your duty to yourself, you are no good Protestant if, instead of using your own torch, you are making use of the dim, uncertain light of the priest. You have heard much, very much about the Bible; but have you seriously, attentively examined the book, ascertained what it contains, whence it comes, and by what authority it holds its place? If we look superficially, we discover it to be a collection of books from different authors and times, and there is no reason whatever why we should not deal with it precisely as with other books, and examine it as we would the works of Homer and Xenophon. But if we do, the Protestant Church steps in and says, "Beware, for you tread on holy ground!" It tells us the Bible is a miraculous collection of miraculous books, every word of which was written by a miraculous inspiration from God, which was so full, so complete, so infallible, that the authors delivered the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—that it contains no false doctrine, or statement, or fact, but sets forth all religious and moral truth which man needs, or which it is possible for man to obtain, and not the smallest mixture of error: to doubt this, is reckoned an unpardonable sin. Accordingly, a peculiar method is used in the criticism and interpretation such as men apply to no other ancient documents—a deference is paid wholly independent of its intrinsic merits. It is presupposed that each book within the lids of the Bible has a right to be there, and each sentence or word in it is infallibly true. Reason has nothing to do in the premises, and the duty of belief is just the same, whether the word contradicts our reason and conscience as when it agrees with them. Is this opinion in regard to the Bible true, or not true? Surely there must be some means of ascertaining the fact: but are there any such means employed? Does it not rest altogether on the mere assertions of our Protestant clergy—a mere assumption—and as baseless as the infallibility of the Pope and the Church they have repudiated? By what means, then, is the infallibility of the Bible to be defended? Is it on the authority of the Church, which pretends to some miraculous tradition to sustain it? The Roman Church deny the fact, and the Protestant denies the authority of the Roman Church. Tell us, Protestant divines, also, whether ye have not used the Bible as an instrument of oppression and cruelty, and frequently quoted various texts to justify bloodshed and crime of scarcely less turpitude than that practiced by the Roman Catholic Church. We do not wish to taunt you with the use ye have made of such and similar texts as "Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord"—or "ye shall not suffer a witch to live." In your persecutions, wars, and intolerant dispositions, you have been scarcely behind your predecessors of the Catholic Church, and our remembrance of the stern old Puritans of New England and

Scotland comes over our spirit with a loathing which all their indomitable energy and perseverance in the most trying circumstances will scarcely counterbalance. If we respect them, we can never never like them. If these men's characters were formed, as they profess to be, upon the Bible models, we should have many serious doubts of the excellency or divinity of the book; nor can we avoid the deep conviction, that in like manner, as the Catholics have maintained in the very teeth of notorious facts, that there was no contradiction in the doctrines of their church, its popes and councils, and more eminent fathers, and, in the very face of reason, asserted that all its doctrines were true and divine, so has the orthodox Protestant, in the teeth of facts equally notorious, denied that there was any contradiction in the doctrines of the Bible, and in the face of undeniable proofs to the contrary, declared every word of Scripture to be the word of God, and eternally true; nay, more, the Protestant divines do maintain that the record of Scripture is so sacred, that a divine providence has watched over it and kept all errors from the manuscript. This they term plenary inspiration, quite upon a par and fully equal to the Catholic claim of infallibility.

Verily, our Christian and Protestant friends, ye have not dealt honestly and fairly by us in this matter. How often have we heard you. in your pulpits, praise up holy David and Samuel, Moses and Joshua, as good men and true, and sanctify war, bloodshedding, cruelty and oppression; then again, in persecution ye have not been so very much behind your predecessors, and if ye have not quite equalled them in these respects ye have been restrained by want of power, not inclination. Ye did not learn persecution from the Catholics, as ye have told us, Dr. Berg—the Catholics of Maryland understood something of and practiced toleration, while the Protestants of New England were engaged in boring holes in unoffending Quakers' tongues, drowning Baptists, burning witches, with other enormities, which we, in our times, can scarcely conceive of, but all of which, they imagined, were duly enjoined upon them by a careful study of the Bible, and as sacred duties inculcated in the holy scriptures. These matters were part and parcel of their religion, which then, as now, is gloomy and cruel in its nature and character. It aims to poison and destroy all the pleasures and enjoyments of life, and even the Deity is represented to us as a cruel, exacting, relentless monster, whose only gratification it is to make men suffer: besides, ye have not half cleared your skirts of Popish abominations; you still retain doctrines as monstrous as those you have cast off; and in room of those you have rejected, you have added some not much behind the others in absurdity, so that it requires small additional faith to take in every thing the Catholic Church inculcates in doctrine and practice, when we have fairly digested orthodox Protestant absurdities: but it will be quite as well to look at the Rev. Dr's. own definition of orthodox Protestantism, and we say orthodox, because any other kind of Protestantism he will not admit to be Protestantism at all. In answer to the question, what is Protestantism? the Rev. Dr. says, "I propose to answer this question by asking another, 'what is light?' Suppose," says he, "this inquiry to be made by an unfortunate man, who has lived all his life, like one possessed, among the tombs, or who has by a strange perversion of reason or the stress of circumstances and early prejudices, deliberately chosen a subterranean habitation, he is suddenly brought out into the sunshine, and dazzled and blinded, he asks with peevish impatience, 'what is this thing you call light?' He sees it or blinks at it, as its rays fall upon the prism which hangs before his bleared eye balls, and he cries out

with indignant amazement, what a confusion of colors, what a worse than confounded and confounding blending of tints and hues. Here is this thing you call light looks blue, and there it is an azure, here it kindles into purple, now it glows in crimson, and there it is yellow, and now it is green as the grass in the Emerald Isle. What is this thing you call light? Away with the nondescript, give me my subterranean shade. Now what (he goes on to say) what is Protestantism? It is the light of God's truth, the effulgence which kindles in the inner man as the soul is baptized in the glow of revealed religion. It is the religion of the Bible. The form which it takes or the hues which it assumes depends upon the structure, the position, the capacity, and the conditions of the mind that receives it. It strikes this man's conscience and heart, and he is a Methodist, warm, red and glowing, and vocal; it falls upon another, and he is a Presbyterian, true, regular blue; it comes upon another like the light azure tint of water, and he is a Baptist; and so through all the bright and ever varying, yet all glorious colors of the moral rainbow, it produces variety without the sacrifice of real unity."

Now all this is very pretty, highly wrought and poetical, but it is nevertheless very unfortunate for the position the Rev. Dr. assumes in opposition to Archbishop Hughes' declaration that "Protestantism has declined." Here is a general muster of all the battalions of Protestantism; they are called by their respective names, and they consist but of Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists, and if we add, to do the Rev. Dr. entire justice, the Episcopalians of the English Church, all who are commonly termed evangelical, who believe the plenary inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, it will comprise all and every individual whom the Rev. Dr. and most of his reverend brethren, (whom we saw in grim array, with their stiff white cravats, on the same platform with himself at the Musical Fund Hall,) all whom they would admit as being entitled to the name of Protestants, and these embody all the varied and ever varying beautiful and glorious rays of which he gave us so florid a description; these concentrated and combined form, he tells us, the theory called light, and this is all the light we have or can have to illume our path and form our moral sun. To say nothing of the modesty of claims like these, or of the very small amount of light with which the world is favored, we would observe that if these specifications comprise all who compose the armies of Protestantism—if these are all your troops, all everywhere throughout the world, Sandwich Islanders, Hottentots, African or New Zealanders, the boasted labors of your missionaries, pray tell us honestly and truly how many there may be under your standard, every man and woman in America, in England, throughout the whole world. Do you really suppose you can muster altogether throughout the whole world of pure evangelical or orthodox Protestants five millions? We very much doubt it, of such a sort as you, Rev. Dr. Berg, and you, Rev. John Chambers, and your brethren in the faith would in the utmost stretch of your Christian love and charity admit to be orthodox Protestants, or to whom, as you term it, you would extend the right hand of fellowship. Now, is it not temerity amounting to sheer madness for you to go forth boasting of yonr strength and power to meet this man of Gath, and with this little band to dare encounter the armies of the Philistines. The fact is, and it cannot be denied, that ye are not true genuine Protestants; ye never understood the very first principles of religious liberty. The Bishop inquires, and ye can give no satisfactory reply, "How can you make me free to read the Holy Scriptures and judge for myself if you tie me down to your Augsburg Confession, the West-

minster Catechism, or your thirty-nine Articles and Homilies? What kind of freedom is that? The freedom you proclaimed invited me to desert the Catholic faith in order, as it would now seem, to put my neck into the yoke you have framed." This is beginning to be understood in the world, and there are millions of Protestants which are not taken into the account by either the Rev. Doctor or the Archbishop—Protestants of the right stamp; millions who know how to estimate both your churches and belong to neither; they say, like Mercutio, "a plague on both your houses," we will have nothing to do with them; they know full well the nature of your respective pretensions, and deride and contemn them; they perceive that all your claims are baseless as the wind, and they trouble themselves no more about the matter except as an imposture, the nature of which they fully understand, and can only laugh at as too preposterous to be entertained for a moment.

Bishop Hughes tells us that the doctrines regarding the Trinity are held in Germany, if held at all, only by the uneducated and ignorant, but as for the preachers in the pulpits, and doctors of divinity, and great men of every department, they have no conception of such a belief. Rationalism has taken the place of Protestantism, and if you speak, says he, of the facts usually referred to in proof of Christianity, the miracles, for instance, recorded in the Scriptures, they explain them all away, they even apply the dreamy analogies of mesmerism to the works of the Redeemer, and pretend among other cases that the man stricken with the palsy was cured by Christ because he had a deep insight into human nature, and knew the power of imagination, when he took the palsied man by the hand, fixed his eye upon him and effected a cure. This is their interpretation of Scripture, and yet they are, he says, enjoying the emoluments of Protestantism, which were originally provided for the support of the Catholic Clergy. This is the unkindest cut of all—these mesmeric Rationalists of Germany, devouring all the loaves and fishes which were originally provided for fat Abbots, Friars, Monks and Priests, belonging to the Holy Catholic Church. The Archbishop gets quite pathetic in his lamentations at this bad state of things; he says, go to Switzerland, where Calvin established his Protestantism and kept alive the doctrine of the Trinity—"In Geneva, if they have a patron saint, it is not," he says, "John Calvin, but Jean Jacques Rousseau; his sentiments are preached from that very pulpit where the great father of that stern sect of Protestants once uttered his subtle but desperate scheme of Predestination. In his day, if a man in Geneva professed disbelief in the Trinity, he ran the risk of capital punishment; but now, how changed! If a man, in that city, at the present day professes to believe in the Trinity as Calvin believed it, he will not be burned to death—he will only be laughed at."

We cannot sympathise with either the Bishop or even our Protestant clergy in these regrets for the past. Geneva must be much improved in temper and disposition since the time when stern old John Calvin caused the unfortunate Michael Servetus to be burnt with green fagots, in order to prolong his agony, and for no other cause than poor Servetus thinking that God was not quite so savage and implacable a being as Calvin represented. If the inhabitants of Geneva are not quite so sound and orthodox Christians as formerly, they are at least much better, and more humane in their disposition; and if we cannot quite agree with them in their religious notions, it is at least a more merciful, a much milder and very different punishment to be laughed at than to be burnt at the stake. It would seem from these descriptions of

the Archbishop of the state of religion in Germany, that both the Churches are alike unfortunate, and in any thing but a thriving condition. In the quotations we have made from his lecture, he has admitted that all the learned and thinking men of Germany were against him and his Church, and believe not one syllable of all their dogmas, and in other parts of his lecture you will discover that all Europe is tainted more or less with heretical and infidel opinions, so that neither of the rival houses of the Capulets or Montagues can well laugh at each other on account of their real or supposed ascendancy. It seems, according to the Archbishop, that all who have kept the genuine Catholic faith pure and undefiled, are poor, illiterate natives of Ireland, or the lazzaroni of Italy, who are utterly disqualified by the total absence of education, of forming a correct opinion of any subject. It would seem from several parts of the Archbishop's lecture, that he almost regrets that the Protestantism of John Calvin and Beza is gone by and succeeded by these Rationalists; we can easily comprehend the why and wherefore of his strange sympathy with his Church's mortal enemies, simply because these men retained a considerable number of the irrational dogmas of the Church of Rome; they each in their way go in for authority in matters of religion; they each are opposed to the right of private judgment, and they each, by every means in their power, make every exertion according to their means and capacity of subjecting mankind to the yoke of their respective hierarchies and church organizations. These Rationalists are regarded with as little favour by the Rev. Dr. Berg, the Rev. John Chambers, and their theological school as by Archbishop Hughes or the scarlet lady herself; they regard them as infidels or something worse, and deplore their extension on every hand as a serious calamity befallen the true Church of Jesus Christ. And indeed, they have much reason for their apprehension; for if these men are not to be considered as Protestants, but as infidels, Protestantism is at a very low state indeed. If Protestantism is to be defined by the believers in the Westminster Catechism or the Augsburg Confession, the thirty-nine Articles of the Episcopal Church, or even the more modern Methodist discipline—if these documents are faithful and true in their definition of sound orthodox Protestant Cbristianity, and only those who believe in these manifestoes of the Protestant Church are to be regarded as Protestants, Protestantism is indeed fallen. In all Germany, the land of deep research and profound thinkers and reasoners, no one but the most illiterate and ignorant believe in the doctrine of the Trinity—the most essential of all doctrines, according to St. Athanasius—and, says Dr. Dwight, he found but one clergyman in all Germany who believed in the doctrine of endless misery—another most important and essential doctrine, as those who attend the ministry of our respected friends, will soon ascertain. Then there is our own land, in the land of the Puritans, in New England, where are the legitimate descendants of those stern, uncompromising bigots? They are gone, they have scarcely left a trace of their existence, and their places and pulpits are filled with men with better heads and better hearts—men like Theodore Parker and his school of Rationalists. Nay, you, even you, hold back as you may, Rev. John Chambers, and Dr. Berg, you all, unconsciously perhaps, have not escaped the tide of innovation and improvement. You durst not insult your congregations with one of those old musty theological discourses of the days of Calvin, Beza, or John Knox; you are changed, and changed for the better, much improved in your faith, doctrine and practice: acknowledge it or not as you please. There is, indeed room yet for more

improvement, but ye are undeniably much better than of yore. There is the Presbyterian Confession, which is sworn to every five years at Princeton and Andover, like the Episcopalian with his thirty-nine Articles. There is not a minister, probably in the whole denomination, but regards this as a grievous curse and burden on their consciences, a yoke almost too heavy to be borne; they wish it fairly blotted out of the universe, or laid in the Red Sea, with Pharoah and his host, never to trouble them any more. But it will and does trouble them; it is like Banquo's ghost exhibiting itself to Macbeth, disturbing your consciences. Ministers may swear as they may, with what mental reservation they please, or they may talk as they may, but we cannot hold any one of them so cheap as to imagine for a moment they can in their inmost hearts have the smallest respect for so execrable a book, and which ought to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, as an outrage upon humanity. You, all of you, know it is altogether unsuitable to our times, and only worthy of the days of Torquemado and the Inquisition. Notwithstanding the noble declaration which the Rev. Doctor made in reference to religious liberty, which we repeated to you at the commencement of our address, and declared ought to be written in all places of public resort in letters of gold, we find him so inconsistent as to attempt to rebut the charge which Archbishop Hughes makes against Protestants, in that they are bounded by no rule and have no uniformity in their doctrines and faith. "The favorite argument," he says, "with all the advocates of Romanism is that there can be no security for the soundness of faith in Protestantism, because it utterly rejects Church authority;—just as if," he says, "Protestants believed and taught that every man has a perfect moral right to think as he pleases in matters of religion!" Now we, in our simplicity, always have imagined that it was the grand, the glorious principle of Protestantism, if not always the practice, that all and every man had a perfect moral right to think as he pleases in matters of religion. We thought Protestants protested against the use of the Procrustean bed of the Catholic Church, on which we were all to be stretched or lopped off until we had obtained the precise number of inches prescribed by these directors of our consciences, who call themselves the Church. But no, according to Dr. Berg, Protestants only fell out with this stretching and amputating bed of the Catholics, and setting that aside, determined to have one of their own. "This doctrine, that it is the right of every man to think as he pleases on matters of religion," he goes on to say, "is an absurdity which is contradicted by the admitted truth, that God has prescribed the articles of religious belief in that revelation which we make the rule of our faith. Our creeds and catechisms and confessions are so many traditionary forms, not presented as additional rules of faith, but offered as exponents of one and the same rule. If this be a true statement, and not a slander of Protestantism, then indeed, there is the Unitarian, the Universalist, the Quaker, the Rationalist, and all the very best, the most educated, the most intelligent, the most moral, upright, and benevolent of such as we were accustomed to regard as Protestants thrown overboard at once. Now we, as good, as honest and true Protestants, protest against this exercise of your authority, as strongly as ever you did against that of Rome. We believe in no authority, no authority whatever, neither in Protestant authority nor Catholic authority, in matters of conscience. It is this which has done all the mischief in the world—this attempt of one man, or bodies of men to prescribe and define the opinions or sentiments of the mind. It is enough that society or the

State should take cognizance of my actions, and punish or reward me according to my doings: but my opinions, and your opinions, and every man's and woman's opinions should be subject to no control, they should be free, as untrammelled as the winds of heaven: let them blow where they list—do not attempt to interfere with them—you have no right; your Church authority, your creeds, your confessions, your disciplines and articles, even your Bible is an usurpation. High above all this, pure as the unsullied stars, is the mind and conscience of man, and he will, if ye will but let him alone, know and find out the Truth. And if you, ye teachers of old dead formulas, dogmas, hair-splitting subtleties and speculations, would descend from your assumed, exalted and false position of taking from heaven and handing down to us, and humble and meek, unite with us in the search for truth as fellow-labourers, and only aim to enlighten us, improve us and yourselves in real knowledge and understanding, and in the great and glorious principles of practical duty, benevolence and good will towards each other, it would be very much better. Difference of opinion is of no more importance, than the difference which exists in the conformation and expression of our features. Our minds are constructed as differently as our faces, and it is an insane attempt to reduce them all to one type or standard. Besides, ye have no standard—even your Bible, to which you appeal as to the law and the testimony, is so elastic, and on many, even the most important points, expressed with so much ambiguity, that ye cannot make it a standard;—ye do not—your creeds, confessions, articles, and discipline are put forth by you to express your views and faith more clearly, and supply Bible deficiencies! Now, we mean not to decry the Bible, we mean not to undervalue it in any way—we respect it as a transcript of the operations of the mind of man through a long, a very long period of the history of the world—we respect it as containing many, very many good and wholesome maxims and precepts. We value it on many accounts; but that it is perfect, that it is divine, that it is an unerring guide, ye know it is not; that it is not infallible, any more than the Roman Church is infallible, is as clear, as well understood by all men of research, ability, and intelligence at the present day, and is as capable of demonstration as any problem in Euclid.

It is all nonsense, Rev. Dr. Berg, to talk of these creeds, confessions, &c. &c., being presented to us only as so many traditionary forms, not additional rules of faith, but exponents of one and the same rule. Very singular that one and the same rule should be so very different in its operations. Such a rule, it is evident, cannot be depended upon, or trusted to implicitly; it is, in fact, no rule at all. We judge of the Bible by our reason and moral sense, which presupposes the standard measure to be in ourselves; it is impossible the book can be more infallible than the reason and moral sense by which we try and determine its merits—one single mistake condemns its infallibility, and, as a matter of course, its divinity. Want of uniformity in matters of faith is a perpetual trouble and bug-bear to theologians; and their unceasing efforts, their compassing sea and land to make proselytes, all unnecessary labour;—you can do no good, you can only make hypocrites. You may say what you please, most holy and reverend sirs, about the degeneracy and depravity of our race, but we can never be brought to believe that there is one single man on the face of the whole earth who sincerely wishes to be in error; there is no such perversity in existence; the constant aim of every man is to know the truth—he may be turned aside by education, authority, and what not, but the fault is, that he distrusts his own

judgment too much—he leaves too much to those who undertake, for a consideration, to think for him—he trusts matters to other's hands which it is his duty to himself to do for himself. There is "a light," your Bibles tell you so, and tell you truly, "a light which lighteth every man which cometh into the world;" not a dim, partial light, the light of Protestantism or Catholicism, nor the feeble, glimmering taper in the hands of the priest, but the broad sunshine of heaven, which shines on all, without distinction, and is best obtained and enjoyed in the spacious temple of the universe, instead of being cribbed, coffined down in the musty and pestiferous recesses of monastic cells, theological colleges, or even streaming through the medium of coloured glass windows in cathedrals and churches. All that is necessary is to avail ourselves of all the assistance we can procure, to deliberately, calmly investigate, and form our opinions to the best of our ability, and we shall not greatly err; and if we should make some small mistakes, rely upon it, our reward or punishment will not be regulated by our orthodoxy or heterodoxy; we shall only be held accountable for moral delinquency, and not for opinions honestly formed, and according to the best of our judgment or capacity. As for abstract notions about the Trinity, Immaculate Conception, Incarnation, and what not, talk about them as much and as long as you please; you know nothing about them yourselves; you can teach us nothing about them, as a matter of course, and they can benefit us nothing; it is a sheer waste of breath and time; they will not instruct nor enlighten the head or improve the heart. It is the life, and not the belief of a man that is of importance.

> "For modes of Faith let senseless Bigots fight,
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Now, Rev. Dr. Berg, Rev. J. Chambers, and others of the orthodox Protestant Church, honest men, sensible men, profound theologians and logicians, see if you can distinguish the points of evidence as regards the Trinity and Transubstantiation, and can give good, sound, satisfactory reasons for receiving the one and rejecting the other. Now we utterly defy you to do so;—and if you have read, as doubtless you have, Protestant or Catholic theologians upon this subject, you cannot fail to have perceived that there is not a pin's point, a shadow of a shade's difference as regards the amount of evidence, scriptural or otherwise, to sustain one doctrine in preference to the other; and that when you receive the one or reject the other, it is a mere arbitrary decision, in which your reason, judgment, or understanding is not engaged.

But there has been a class of men who have waged war with Antichrist and the Scarlet Lady with greater effect; their operations have been better directed, they have employed more ability, and they have been more disinterested than any other class of men; they have sought and received no pay, no emolument in the cause of humanity, of truth and justice; no titles, no honours, no advantages have rewarded their toil; they have obtained no large salaries or lucrative situations, in Church or College, all their recompense has been danger, suffering, obloquy, shame, contempt, and death, frequently, even from those in whose cause and for whose advantage they exerted themselves. The Rev. Dr. Berg has altogether omitted to speak, or if he has spoken, it has been slightingly and contemptuously of these rays of light, which have tended more than any and all other rays together to disperse the darkness and ignorance which existed at the time when the Church

was in the undisturbed possession of the whole Christian world—"when darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people." At last, in the fourteenth century, the night of ages began gradually to clear away. There was a revival of learning, a morning of the mind, a spread of thought and knowledge, in whose light it was impossible that superstition could very long linger. The Archbishop has admitted all this to the fullest extent that can be desired, and demonstrated clearly that it is ignorance, sheer ignorance, and incapacity of judgment and ability to think and decide for themselves, that causes an individual, a nation or people to rely upon the priest and the teaching and authority of the Church, and the moment a sufficient light or intelligence is obtained, the human mind is emancipated; when once it was established that religion must be subjected to the jurisdiction of reason and private judgment, the sole test and guide of faith, the triumph of reason over superstition was secure. Such a principle introduced into Christian theology, at once threw open the sanctuary to the searching eyes of philosophy, and has led, by natural and inevitable steps, to that enlightened and philosophical state of religious belief which the Archbishop deplores as prevailing among the German Protestants at the present day, to the extinction of what both he and probably the Rev. Dr. Berg would regard as the true, sound orthodox faith. These men are the true Protestants. This kind of Protestantism is not declining—and it is to this that the world is tending. Read what Macaulay says of these men, in the very same essay the Archbishop quotes from:—"Macaulay, the historian, the essayist, the reviewer, one of the clearest minds," he says, "the great English nation can this day boast of," and it is impossible to quote higher or more impartial authority. "They were men," says he, "who, with all their faults, moral and intellectual, sincerely desired and earnestly aimed at the improvement of the condition of the human race, whose blood boiled at the sight of cruelty and injustice, who made manful war (with every faculty which they possessed,) on what they considered as abuses, and who on many signal occasions, placed themselves gallantly between the powerful and the oppressed. Whilst they assailed Christianity with an unfairness and a rancour disgraceful to men who called themselves philosophers, they yet had in far greater measure than their opponents, that charity towards all men, of all classes and races, which Christianity enjoins. Religious persecution, judicial torture, arbitrary imprisonment, the unnecessary multiplication of capital punishments, the delay and chicanery of tribunals, the exactions of farmers of the revenue, slavery, the slave trade, were the constant subjects of their lively satire and eloquent disquisitions. When an innocent man was broken on the wheel at Thoulouse, when a youth, guilty only of an indiscretion, was burned at Abbeville, when a brave officer, borne down by public injustice, was dragged, with a gag in his mouth, to die on the Place de Gréve, a voice instantly went forth from the banks of Lake Leman which made itself heard from Moscow to Cadiz; and which sentenced the unjust judges to the contempt and detestation of all Europe." Macaulay goes on to detail their operations, and describes them as at all times ready to encounter principalities and powers in the cause of justice, mercy, and toleration; and he adds, "Every thing gave way to the zeal and activity of the new reformers." "In France, every man distinguished in letters was found in their ranks. Every year gave birth to works in which the fundamental principles of the Church were attacked by argument, invective, and ridicule. The Church could make no defence, except by acts of power. Censures were pro-

nounced, editions were seized, insults were offered to the remains of Infidel writers, but no Bossuet, no Pascal came forth to encounter Voltaire. There appeared not a single defence of the Catholic church which produced any considerable effect, or which is even now remembered."

Herein it may be observed was no physical strength or brute force employed, and yet the moral power nnd energy was effectual and resistless, and this execrable Church (with all its resources of cruelty, its dungeons, its chains, its instruments of torture and death,) was powerless and ineffectual in its attempts at opposition, so strong was the tide which they had set in against her. We might, if it were necessary, confirm this testimony by adducing a corresponding statement from the Catholic historian, Lingard, and a celebrated French writer, Michelet, describes with great felicity and power, the sufferings and dangers encountered by the men we have been speaking of in the great cause of humanity, which is so graphically and beautifully pourtrayed that we make no excuse for its introduction.

"After a grand festival, a great carnage in the Coliseum of Rome, when the sand had been moistened with blood, and the lions were lying down, cloyed—surfeited with human flesh, then, in order to divert the people,—to distract their attention a little, a farce was enacted. An egg was put into the hand of a miserable slave condemned to the wild beasts, and then he was cast into the arena. If he managed to reach the end—if, by good fortune, he succeeded in carrying his egg and laying it upon the altar, he was saved. The distance was not great, but how far it seemed to him! Those brutes, glutted, asleep, or just going to sleep, would nevertheless, at the sound of the light footstep, raise their heavy eyelids, yawn fearfully, in doubt whether they ought to interrupt their repose for such ridiculous prey. He half-dead with fear, stooping, shrinking, cringing, as if to sink into the earth, would have exclaimed, doubtless, could he but have given utterance to his thoughts, 'Alas! alas! noble lions, I am so meagre! Pray, allow the living skeleton to pass; it is a meal unworthy of you!' Never did any buffoon, any mimic, produce such an effect upon the people; the extraordinary comical contortions of fear convulsed all the spectators with laughter, they rolled on their benches in the excess of their mirth,—it was a fearful tempest of merriment, —a roar of joy.

"This sad spectacle was revived towards the close of the Middle ages, when the old principle, furious at the thought of dying, yet imagined it would still have time to annihilate human thought.

"Once more, as in the Coliseum, miserable slaves were seen carrying among wild beasts, uncloyed, unglutted, furious, atrocious and ravenous, the poor little deposit of proscribed truth, the fragile egg which might save the world, if it but reached the altar.

"Others will laugh—but woe to them. I can never laugh on beholding that spectacle—those efforts to deceive, to dupe the growling monsters,—to amuse that unworthy multitude, wound me to the heart. Those slaves whom I see passing yonder across the bloody arena, are the benefactors of the human race. Sublime geniuses, privileged to bear the sacred gift of God, have you then accepted on our account that degraded martyrdom, to be the buffoons of fear?

"Degraded? Oh, never! From the centre of the amphitheatre they have addressed us. Friends, what matter if they laugh at us? What do we care at being devoured by wild beasts, at suffering the outrage of cruel men, if

we but reach the goal, provided that this dear treasure, laid safely upon the altar, be recovered by mankind, whom it will save sooner or later?"

Whilst this scene was enacting before the eyes of mankind, it may be worth enquiry how our friends of the Protestant Church were engaged. Were they, like good soldiers and true men, on the field of battle ready to do good service in the cause of humanity, God and truth? Alas, no! They were engaged for the most part in some wild, dreamy abstractions, settling some knotty and obscure matter, or point of controversial theology, of no more importance or utility than that which engaged the attention of the big-endians or the little-endians in the celebrated egg controversy; which is not yet settled. But, no matter, we manage to eat our eggs notwithstanding, although perhaps, not in the most approved or orthodox fashion, and in like manner, we hope the world will go on, and perform all its social duties although we are unable to comprehend the Athanasian creed or distinguish consubstantiation from transubstantiation.

We would fain also wish that our friends had been at all times engaged in no more mischievous employment than scholastic theology, but we cannot forget, although we would much wish to do so, the envy, hatred, the uncharitableness, the rancor, and bitter malignity which they have exhibited in contending for their abstractions, speculations and absurdities.

Is there no voice, no eloquence, no sense of duty, right, justice, or humanity that can recall these Schoolmen, Theologians, and Doctors of Divinity back from their ærial wanderings among the stars and milkyway to their native planet and our earth to perform their right and proper duty here to their fellow mortals. Is it not possible to convince them that all the dogmas, creeds, confessions, liturgies, rubrics, homilies, canons, disciplines, and commentaries with which they have puzzled and addled their brains and ours for these last eighteen hundred and odd years, are, in reality, not worth the infinitessimal part of the paper on which they are printed or written; pore over them as you may, you cannot extract a grain of sense from them all—their excellence is altogether imaginary, and they can do no one any good. It would be a most incalculable blessing to mankind if another Caliph Omar would arise and make a huge bonfire of them all—we should then, perhaps, be able to recall some of our theologians whose heads are gone a wool gathering, dreaming over the invocation of Saints, the annunciation, the transfiguration, the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel, or the descent of holy tongues of flame at the day of Penticost, all matters quite out their sphere of comprehension. There is work for you to do, friends, to which it is quite time you turned your attention while you are capable of performing although you haee hitherto neglected it. You desire to resist papal authority—you desire to save our country from its pestiferous influence and we will tell you how to accomplish it.

The Archbishop has himself told us that in all Germany no man of intelligence or learning are believers in the dogmas of the Catholic church, they cannot be, it is impossible, and we may add in the Protestant church too, except for a consideration. Why every one knows that at the time of the Reformation the great Head of the church, Leo the X, with his cardinals were accustomed to deride the whole and speak of it as a profitable fable; and are our modern priests less enlightened, we feel assured that Bishop Hughes thinks precisely as we do on this subject, but his interest is involved, that is the consideration. He called upon a person at New York upon some busi-

ness, and addressed him with, "Mr. ——— I am told you do not believe in the mysteries of our holy religion." "O, yes I do," was the reply, "just as much as Bishop Hughes or any other man of intelligence or information." No more was said, no more need be said.

It is ignorance, sheer ignorance, that sustains the mighty fabric of Catholicism; and Christian friends, Protestant friends, if you are the honest, and true, and good men, we would, in the judgment of charity, hope and think you to be, you will join even with those whom you most contemptuously term Infidels, but who nevertheless perform all the real duties which society imposes and who most disinterestedly aim to promote the best interests of humanity, as was ever admitted even by one of the truest blue Presbyterian journals a very short time since—yes, you will lay aside the garb and the scorn of the priest and Levite and join with them in endeavoring to shed a little light upon the poor, forlorn wanderer who lands upon our shores, to educate, educate, educate him and his children, and we shall thereby raise a more effectual barrier against the encroachments of Rome and her priests (Archbishop Hughes himself being our authority), than any other means that can be devised by the most crafty and subtle theologian.

Let us have education, good common sense and practical education, not the education of catechisms and Methodist hymns, not Sunday school education, but rational, and such kind of education as is suited to our social condition and we shall not fear the mighty man of Gath whom the Rev. Dr. Berg told us had come forth to defy and scoff at the tribes of our Protestant Israel; nay, we shall not need the championship of the holy and Reverend Dr. who also has issued out as he has told us like another David, thinking he could deal effectually with this Goliath and make him lose his head by the edge of his own sword. Standing on neutral ground and having witnessed the conflict, we may be permitted to hazard an opinion as to the result of the battle, we do think the rev. gentleman has acquitted himself manfully, and has dealt some heavy blows at the giant; but, nevertheless, he has not accomplished all he wished or intended, whether there is some principle of life in the nature of the Catholic Church which sustains it, as Macauley intimates in the most desperate circumstances, whether it possesses the number of lives which we attribute to a certain domestic animal; or whether, like John Bunyans Giant and Doubting Castle, we read of in the Pilgrims Progress, which although Greatheart destroyed, yet, according to the same authority, the giant received very litttle damage, as immediately after

> Sin could rebuild the castle, make it remain,
> And Giant Despair to live again.

At any rate the man of Gath is not quite annihilated, the few the rev. Dr. reckons as Protestants, leaving out as he does the Rationalists of Germany, and elsewhere, and many others whom we have before mentioned, make it but too evident that if there are no more Protestants than the rev. Dr. has enumerated then, indeed, Protestantism has declined. But there is a certain glorious truth, which neither the Rev. Dr. Berg nor the Arehbishop seem to be aware of or, at least, not have taken into their consideration in making their calculations. Like the prophet of old, our modern prophets seem to think nothing or know nothing of the many thousands in reserve who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of either of their churches, and these are the true Protestants, your Luther's and Calvin's, your Bezas and John Knox, your

gift of dr. james a. kehl, may 1992



Cranmer and Harry the eighth and Elizabeth's were tyrants in all that pertained to the rights of conscience, they denied the supremacy of the Pope and set up to be Popes themselves.

There never was a more absolute Pope in the vatican; no, not even Gregory the VII, than John Wesley was in the Methodist denomination, the government, the discipline of the church is now, and was from the beginning priestly and of the most arbitrary character, not a whit more liberal or tolerant than that of Rome—if you read the English papers you will find the Methodists there in a ferment, and many in open rebellion against their present pope and president of the conference, Jabez Bunting, and accusing him of all kinds of overbearing, intolerant, and tyrannical conduct. As to the English Episcopal church, it has such a resemblance to that of Rome that it is extremely difficult, except with glasses of the highest and strongest microscopic power to distinguish the one from the other. The Presbyterian, your own churches, Messrs. Berg and Chambers have said this repeatedly. You have told us that the church of Rome and that of England were the beast and image spoken of in the Revelations, that the church of Rome was the beast, and the church of England the image of the beast; nay some of you in your zeal have denounced the image as possessing more beastly qualities than the beast itself, how is it Rev. Dr. Berg, and others, you are so changed, you are grown quite complimentary, and civil, and complacent to the image of the beast, you even reckon this church as among the favored few who constitute the true church of Jesus Christ—it was not always thus. Well, consistency is a jewel, but our very worthy and approved good masters this is a very small band inded to attempt to do battle with the common enemy; if ye are all the Protestants in the world, whom ye will acknowledge to be Protestants, does not the bishop say truly that Protestantism has declined, nay more than that, in another century is is probable it will be extinguished altogether. Well, it is no matter, you have done your work according to your ability and knowledge, your leaders, your Luther's and Calvin's, and even yourselves have only opened your eyes a little way, you discovered some faint objections to some few of the most prominent of the monstrosities of the Roman church, but you never opened your eyes half wide enough to perceive the vast extent of the evil complained of, your light of which you have spoken with such hyperbolical flourishes, and which you boast of as the light of the world, was, at the best, the very best, but a very dim and feeble taper, it only served to make the thick darkness which overspread the world the more visible and evident; but as for dispersing it, it was reserved for the men whom Macauley mentions in the extract we have read to you It is reserved for the rationalists, and thinking and intelligent men everywhere whom both you and the arch bishop stigmatize as infidels and unbelievers and whose rays form the real true and essential principle of the light ye speak of; it is reserved for them to dispose of the gloom of the thick Egyptian darkness and bondage that hangs round about both your churches, to bring true light and liberty and happiness to mankind; and although you and the archbishop both seem to be blind as to what is going on in the world, yet, nevertheless, there is a moral power, a strength, a beauty an intelligence in the world of which ye cannot comprehend or perceive the depth and fervor, and whilst ye affect at least to contemn and despise it; it will, nevertheless it cannot fail to accomplish its mission and the stone which the buildsrs rejected, will become, must become the headstone of the corner. These men whom the doctor and archbishop both left entirely out of their calculations are the only true worshippers at the shrine of liberty they have the true fire on their altars—which will blaze higher and higher until it has consumed these church organization—these hierarchies with their creeds, confessions, articles and disciplines which confine the arm and fetter the foot—stifle the breath, and poison the free air of the world.